



DEDICATED TO THE AMERICAN FAIR.

1ST OCTAVO VOL.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1814.

NO. 11.

IDA OF TOKENBURGH:

OR, THE FORCE OF JEALOUSY.

(Continued.)

'See, Julia, this was Ida's cell; here she abode, and prayed for forgetfulness of her love and firmness of resolution. Here, where we sit, she related to the monk, with bitter tears, her fate, her fidelity, and the reward she received for it, from the jealousy of the man she tenderly loved.

When Clara had ended her narrative, Julia arose and contemplated the picture for a long time with serious thoughtfulness. She then abruptly said—'good-night, Clara!' and, fixing her eyes on the ground, with a sad and pensive air, retired to her chamber. She did not sleep, for the fate of Ida was continually before her eyes.

The next morning she again repaired to Ida's cell, and again contemplated the picture with eyes not so much expressive of pity as thoughtfully pensive.

'What are you thinking about Julia?' asked Clara.

'And it was jealousy, then; which threw her down that precipice——'

'Into that dreadful cavern. Oh!—should you see the cavern. The eye loses itself, and can find no bottom when it is viewed from the balcony from

which he threw her down. Time has destroyed Tokenburg; but, in memory of Ida, preserved the window where the atrocious deed was perpetrated.—When I was a novice, I frequently resorted thither to indulge my melancholy, and pay the tribute of my tears to suffering innocence.'

Julia wished to see the cavern, and the abbess sent with her, as a guide, the son of the steward of the convent. As it was a hot day, Julia did not set out till the evening; and then leaning on the arm of the young man, took her way through the valley to the ruins of Tokenburg. Her guide led her up a narrow path overgrown with bushes; and the nearer she approached the remains of the castle, the more serious and pensive she became, her thoughts being employed on the observations and admonitions of her mother, and the jealousy of Grubenthal. When they at length arrived at the place, the youth led her through the ruins to the window from which she could look into the dreadful cavern.

'This is the window,' said he, 'from which the countess was thrown down.'

Julia approached the edge of the precipice, and her guide put his arm round her, that she might not fall when she looked down into the tremendous depth below. She started back, feeling her head began to grow dizzy; and lost in a

thousand thoughts of Ida and Grubenthal, she, as it were mechanically, for a moment, reclined her head on the shoulder of the young man and sighed. Her guide still held his arm round her; probably because he might fear she was unwell.

At this moment a man started forwards towards them from behind the ruins, with rage flashing in his eyes. With a menacing voice he cried out to the young man—'Who are you fellow?'

The youth seeing his wild and threatening looks, and hearing him speak in such a furious tone of voice, supposed him to be a robber or assassin, and immediately left Julia, leaped over part of the ruins, and fled among the rocks, with all the speed he could make, back to the convent.

It was not a robber, it was not an assassin, but Grubenthal. He had learned the hasty departure of Julia for the convent of Fischingen. Not long before he had an altercation with her on account of her talking with the gardener. She had forgiven him, indeed, but still when he left her, he could discern a cloud upon her brow. She had now departed without giving him any intimation of her intended journey.

'Why should she act thus?' said he to himself. 'Has she indeed no affection for me? Is she gone merely to avoid me?'

Thus did one idea after another torture his suspicious heart, till he became half-distracted with doubts of the love and fidelity of his Julia.—Her mother had formed a just opinion of him. In his early youth, he had served in the Swiss guards at Paris; and in that luxurious capital had conversed with so many licentious women, that he no longer believed any of the sex could be innocent.

His ill opinion of the disposition and character of woman contributed, on the present occasion, to aggravate his fears and his uneasiness: 'Whoever trusts to them,' thought he to himself, 'must expect to be deceived.'—He therefore set out privately for Fischingen, to watch the conduct of Julia, and took up his residence in a cottage in the vicinity of the convent. On the first day after his

arrival, he took his walks of observation about the convent, but without seeing Julia: on the next, he saw, at a distance a young lady of a tall elegant figure, leaning on the arm of some youth.—They passed out of the valley through the bushes on the other side. He was convinced it was Julia: it was her figure her walk, her air.

'But why is she in such a place at such a time, when the evening is coming on?'—thought he, with a suspicious shake of the head;—'with a man too, who, to judge by his appearance, is only of the common class?—What can this mean?—Why did they leave the road to go through the bushes where there is no path?—Why are they alone, thus in the dusk of the evening?—Treacherous deceiver! Am I not an egregious dupe?'

The affair of the gardener now rushed into his head, and, as the youth wore a green coat, he began to suspect it was him. He hastened after Julia, and when he came nearer he could no longer doubt it was her, as he had obtained a side view of his face. She went with the youth through the pathless grass and bushes, and up a rising ground, to the ruins. He concealed himself, in violent agitation of mind, behind a part of the old castle wall, and saw the young man throw his arm round Julia, who at first seemed to shrink from his embrace; but afterwards—O madness!—she reclined her lovely cheek upon his shoulder, and stood, as it were folded in his arms.—He now rushed furiously forth from his hiding-place, and the youth fled.

Julia was extremely terrified, but quickly recognised Grubenthal.

'At last, then,' exclaimed the latter, frantic with jealousy and rage—'at last the veil which has so long blinded my eyes, has fallen off;—or will you still deny—'

'You have terrified me greatly, Grubenthal! What do you mean?'

'Very right! What do I mean? Very right. I am a rude uncourteous lover, to come here with my passion to disturb so sweet an hour, and an assignation which perhaps cannot be speedily re-arranged!—Very right!—What do I mean?—Ha! ha! ha!'

(To be continued.)

ON EARLY MARRIAGES

*In a letter written by Dr. FRANKLIN,
addressed to his Friend.*

Dear JACK,

YOU desire, you say, my impartial thoughts on the subject of an early marriage: by way of answer to the numberless objections which have been made by short-sighted people to your own; you may remember, when you consulted me upon the occasion, that I thought youth on both sides to be no objection. Indeed, from the marriages which have fallen under my observation, I am inclined to think that early ones stand the best chance for happiness — The tempers and habits of young people are not yet become so stiff and uncomplying as when more advanced in life; they form more easily to each other, and hence many occasions of disgust are removed. And if youth has less of that prudence which is necessary to manage a family, yet the parents and friends of young married persons are generally at hand to afford their advice, which amply supplies that defect; and by early marriage youth is sooner formed to regular and useful life, and possibly some of those accidents or connections that might have injured the constitution or reputation, or both, are thereby happily prevented. Particular circumstances of particular persons may possibly sometimes make it prudent to delay entering into that state; but, in general, when nature has rendered our bodies fit for it, the presumption is in nature's favour, that she has not judged amiss in making us desire it. Late marriages are often attended too with this further inconvenience, that there is not the same chance that parents shall live to see their offspring educated. Late children, says the Spanish proverb, are early orphans; a melancholy reflection to those whose case it may be! With us in America, marriages are generally in the morning of life, our children are therefore educated and settled in the world by noon; and thus our business being done, we have an afternoon and evening of cheerful leisure to ourselves, such as your friend at present enjoys. By these early mar-

riages we are blest with more children; and, from the mode amongst us, founded in nature, of every mother suckling and nursing her own child, more of them are raised. Hence the swift progress of population amongst us, unparalled in Europe! — In fine, I am glad you are married, and congratulate you most cordially upon it. You are now in the way of becoming a useful citizen, and you have escaped the unnatural state of *celibacy for life*, the fate of many here who never intended it, but who, having too long postponed the change of their condition, find at length that it is too late to think of it, and so live all their lives in a situation that greatly lessens a man's value. An odd volume of a sett of books, you know, is not worth its proportion of the sett; and what think you of the odd half of a pair of scissars? — it can't well cut any thing — it may possibly serve to scrape a trencher.

Pray make my compliments and best wishes acceptable to your bride. I am old and heavy, or I should, ere this, have presented them in person. I shall make but short use of the old man's privilege, that of giving advice to younger friends. Treat your wife always with respect; it will procure respect to you, not from her only, but from all that observe it. Never use a slighting expression to her, even in jest; for slights in jest, after frequent bandyings, are apt to end in angry earnest. — Be studious in your profession, and you will be learned. Be industrious and frugal, and you will be rich. Be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy. Be in general virtuous, and you will be happy, at least you will, by such conduct, stand the best chance for such consequences. I pray God to bless you both! being ever your truly affectionate friend,

BENJ. FRANKLIN.

INTEREST,

Speaks all languages, and acts all parts, even that of disinterestedness itself.

HATRED.

Tacitus says, that "men hate those they injure; and those who injure you, never forgive you."

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO EMMA.

To censure the apathy in which you have been 'unavoidably' absorbed would be cruel and unjust, were I bereft of the idea that you were more indifferent than concerned. This renders the cause of your silence merely expletive, since I do not attribute your remissness to an 'absence from the city' so much as to that innate reluctance which you candidly professed to have. Like the timid wanderer, who perceives himself endangered by the mazes that he has trod, and wishes to retrace the steps imprudently pursued, so immersed in deep contrition for attempting to find a youth 'whose heart beat in sweet unison with your own;' you suggest to yourself animadversions, that your sincerity, and purity of principles would accumulate. Forgetful that conscious integrity diffuses a lustre on its possessor, you permit the sordid considerations of the uninterested to mar the happiness which I had in view, bias your purely cemented motives, and in short, blight those prospects on which our hopes of felicity rested. You need not infer from this, that I palliate clandestine proceedings, when productive of serious effects. When misery presents her poisonous cup, when repentance promises to ensue, when passion blinds the eye of reason, how madly do the too precipitate

"Plunge themselves into a sea of troubles,"

but when reflection calmly points to the road of conjugal happiness, presents me one of nature's choicest gifts, bids me

"Take the goods the gods provide me,"

how can I refuse! how hesitate! does a difficulty of obtaining the object impede my steps? She declares, that he whose conduct was directed by the standard of virtuous consistency might expect to call her wife. Can I confide in her assurances? she disclaims dissimulation and evinces that she is sincerity itself.

"Controuled by reason" once more you feel her heaven-directing sway, and abandon the impulses of a moment.—You experience the error in which you have been imperceptibly involved; a voice sweetly harmonious arrests you

on your course, and half attentive, yet unwilling, you listen to sounds like these: Daughter of love, thy hopes are light, thy inclinations are silly, thy designs will prove abortive; youth's little lamp throws a glimmering ray on the path before you, and shows objects but imperceptibly to the sight; danger may attend your steps, destruction your persistence.—Return then, sweet girl, return; return, as she beckons to you with an ivory finger; the features of her angelic face seem clouded in care for you; your attention becomes fixed; your reason resumes its wonted firmness; you wish to exculpate the fault in which you have been involved: thus your mind may suggest such phantasies as these, but what advantage is derivable to the senses? they may amuse the fancy, fill the brain with romantic ideas, and inspire the mind with a love of virtue, that never is nor never will exist. But the dictates of a virtuous imagination acts from an impulse dictated by pure heart-felt motives, guided by the voice of reason, independent of the sneers of the world. I am confident, that upon mature reflection, you will not yield to an opinion, that concerns your happiness, which once disturbed, seldom resumes its beatifying influence in the heart.

You observe justly that love is a noble and generous passion—is founded on a pure and ardent friendship and which can only be obtained by habits of social and frequent intercourse, and that my attachment for an invisible object, whose perfections I only realise from the description you have given, is dissonant with my detestation of insincerity. If you mean that I am censorious in making addresses to you, why request those advancements in any? If you allude to my evincing a too precipitate attachment to an unknown, have I breathed a vow, or have I declared my love? if your sensibility can conjure up affection where a regard for the principles you professed, a desire to behold 'that beautiful form' (as you yourself had hinted at) to know whether you possessed those fascinations which I confess have dazzled and allured me—then you have been more frequently

loved than many of your competitors and by as many Cœlebs. If you intend to insinuate that dissimulation is a principle of my heart, because you have mistaken my deliberation for inconsiderate passion, what am I to suspect in your part who (if my suggestions are true) not only doubts the purity of my intention, but even frankly declares that her silence would have been unbroken had it not been urged in a second epistle.

You may be surprised at my reprehending your fear of censure when you declared that you preferred a reasonable mediocrity, but wherein does that medium consist, since your abandonment of my addresses proves, that your unconcern for public reproach is vague and unsatisfactory, evincing an antipathy to envy's malicious sneer; why leave me destitute of hope? why impress the character of your sex with mutability and deceit? Influenced by such ideas I have been thus far loquacious, but believe me, Emma, your inexplicable behavior would be more clearly elucidated, by a sociable eclairsissement which would highly gratify

Your's sincerely,
CŒLEBS.

SENTIMENTAL FRAGMENT.

THOU heavenly orb, that riseth from the ocean, and dost gild its blue waves with thy beams—thy course knows no check—thy brightness no interval!—The vapours of the air may, for a moment, obstruct thy rays, in their progress to the innumerable worlds which owe their light to thee. But thou art still the same, and thy glory triumphs in unimpaired splendor. The clouds, which are blown on between thee and me, are emblems of that life which I shall shortly leave—while thou art the symbol of that immortality which I hope shortly to enjoy.

—The voice came from the rock; and, looking thither, I saw the venerable form from whose lips proceeded the solemn exclamation. He stood upon a crag, and a staff supported him;—his beard was silvered by age, and it touched his girdle;—and while I gazed with

curious wonder at him, he raised his right hand, and continued his orisons.

“If this day, which is the last of eighty-five years that I have passed in this miserable world, should be the last of my life—Father of heaven, I shall thank thee!—I know thy goodness—I trust in thy mercy;—and that the severe penance of thirty years in this solitude, will have satisfied thy justice. Adelaide—the object of my love, and the victim of my rage, forgave me;—her lips quivering in the agonies of death, pronounced my pardon, and I fear not to meet her in the world, whither I am going, and where my contrition will avail me.”

—I was now summoned to the boat, and could hear no more.—

THE BANIAN HOSPITAL AT SURAT.

[From Forbes' Oriental Museum.]

This hospital is a most remarkable institution; it consists of a large plot of ground, inclosed with high walls; and is divided into several courts, or wards, for the accommodation of animals in sickness; they are attended with the utmost care, and find a peaceful asylum for the infirmities of age. When an animal breaks a limb, or is otherwise disabled from serving his master, he carries him to the hospital; and indifferent to what nation or cast the owner may belong, the patient is never refused admittance. If he recovers, he cannot be reclaimed, but must remain in the hospital for life, subject to the duty of drawing water for those pensioners debilitated by age or disease from procuring it for themselves. At my visit, the hospital contained horses, mules, oxen, sheep, goats, monkeys, poultry, pigeons, and a variety of birds; with an aged tortoise, which was known to have been there for 75 years. The most extraordinary ward was that appropriated to rats, mice, bugs and other noxious vermin. The overseers of the hospital frequently hire beggars from the streets, for a stipulated sum to pass a night among the fleas, lice, and bugs, on the express condition of suffering them to enjoy their feast without molestation.

This singular establishment has several dependent endowments, without the walls, for such individuals and convalescents to whom pasturage and country air may be recommended : and especially for the maintenance of the goats purchased from slaughter on the anniversary of the Mohammedan festival, when so many of these animals are devoted to destruction.

Variety.

PHILOSOPHY.

Priestly and Ingenhouz have shown that plants sweeten corrupt air, but that this effect is produced by the operation of the sun, for that their effluvia in the night are obnoxious, and even poisonous. This fact, ascertained by experiment, is valuable ; and should warn those who are fond of plants and flowers not to suffer them in their bed-chambers, as very serious illnesses may arise from thence.

IRONY.

Every great, rich and consequential man, who has not the wisdom to hold his tongue, must enjoy his privilege of talking, and there must be dull fellows to listen to him ; again, if by talking about what he does not understand, he gets into embarrassments, there must be clever fellows to help him out of them ; when he would be merry, there must be witty rogues to make him laugh ; when he would be sorrowful, there must be sad rogues to sigh and groan and make long faces ; as a great man must never be in the wrong *there must be hardy rascals who will swear he is always in the right* : as he must never show fear, of course he never must see danger ; and as his courage must at no time sink, there must be friends at all times ready to prevent its being tried.

SELF LOVE

Magnifies or diminishes the good qualities of our friends, in proportion to the satisfaction we take in them ; and we judge of their merit by the terms they keep with us.

GENTLENESS.

Nothing defeats the malignity of an enemy like a spirit of forbearance. True gentleness, like an impenetrable armour, repels the most pointed shafts of malice ; they cannot pierce through this invulnerable shield, but either fall harmless to the ground, or return, to wound the hand that shot them.

LOVE.

Since it is not in our power to love, any more than to let it alone, a lover has no right to complain of the inconsistency of his mistress nor she of her lover's levity.

JEALOUSY

Is always born with love, but does not always die with it.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

LINES

Dedicated to the memory of Mr. William Janeway, who was unfortunately drowned the 17th June last, with three other gentlemen, on a party of pleasure to Sandy Hook.

"The world's a loser when a good man dies."

THE earthly temple of that living worth,
Which kindred souls alone can truly prize ;
Lies lowly, mouldering with its kindred earth,
And frees the soul to seek its native skies.

PHILANTHROPY ! his mem'ry claims a tear,
He shed a thousand in thy sacred cause,
Forgot his own, another's grief to cheer,
His heart approv'd—he wish'd no more applause.

Yes, he had grief ; it is the common lot,
The sad inheritance of all below,
Which shrouds alike, the palace and the cot
In splendid sorrow, or in humble woe.

He wept himself that others' tears might cease,
Beguill'd misfortune of her gloomiest fear ;
But now the heir of everlasting peace,
His is the smile, and ours alas ! the tear.

Let those who knew him, and no others can,
From his example glow with ardor warm,
His merits stamp't him what he was, A MAN :
"All are not such, who bear the human form."

T. S.

Seat of the Muses.

THE OTAHEITAN MOURNER.

The following beautiful Poem is founded on the following circumstances :—A Midshipman of the name of Stewart, one of the Mutineers of the Bounty, having thus rendered himself obnoxious to the offended laws of his country, took up his abode on the island of Otaheite, and lived with the daughter of a Chief, who had born him a beautiful female infant. The Pandora frigate arriving at the Island, this unhappy man was seized and laid in irons. The young woman followed him with her infant to the ship : the scene which followed was of such a distressing nature that it almost overpowered the officers who witnessed it : and Stewart himself besought them not to let her visit him again. She was separated from him by force, sent ashore, and in the course of two months literally died of a broken heart. Stewart himself perished in the Pandora. The child was taken under the protection of the Missionaries. The poem is supposed to have been written by the woman, after Stewart was separated from her.—*London paper.*

FROM the isle of the distant ocean

My white love came to me ;

I led the weary stranger

Beneath the spreading tree.

With white and yellow blossoms

I strew'd his pillow there,

And watch'd his bosom heaving,

So gentle and so fair.

Before I knew his language,

Or he could talk in mine.

We vow'd to love each other,

And never to resign.

O then 'twas lovely watching

The sparkling of his eyes ;

To learn the white man's greeting,

And answer all his sighs.

I taught my constant white love

To play upon the wave,

To turn the storm to pleasure,

And the curling surge to brave,

How pleasant was our sporting,

Like Dolphins on the tide ;

To dive beneath the billow,

Or the rolling surf to ride.

To summer groves I led him,

Where fruit hangs in the sun ;

We linger'd by the Fountains,

That murmur as they run.

By the verdant islands sailing,

Where the crested sea-birds go ;

We heard the dash of distant spray,

And saw thro' deeps the sun-beams play,

In the coral bowers below.

And when my lover, weary,

To our woodland couch would creep,

I sang the song that pleas'd him,

And hush'd his cares to sleep.

My kindred much would wonder,

The white man's love to see ;

And Otaheitan maidens

Would often envy me.

Yet when my white love's forehead

Would sadden with despair,

I knew not why the cold drops

Should start and quiver there.

I knew not why in slumber

His heart should tremble so ;

Or, lock'd in love's embraces,

How doubt and fear could grow.

Till o'er the bounding billow

The angry chieftains came ;

They seiz'd my wretched lover,

They mock'd my anguish'd claim.

In iron bands they bound him,

I flew his fate to share ;

They tore him from my clasping,

And doom'd me to despair.

Are white men unrelenting,

So far to cross the sea ;

Their chieftain's wrongs revenging,

To tear my love from me ?

Have Otaheitan bosoms

No refuge for the brave ?

Can exile nor repentance

A wretched lover save ?

No more the Heiva's dancing,

My mournful steps will suite ;

As when to the torch-light glancing,

And beating to the flute.

No more my breaded tresses

With fragrant flowers shall bloom ;

Nor blossom rich in beauty

Shall lend its sweet perfume.

'Lone by the sounding ocean

I sit me down and mourn,

In hopes his chiefs may pardon him,

And speed my love's return.

Can he forget his Peggy,

That lull'd his cares to rest ?

Can he forget the baby

That smiles upon her breast ?

I wish the fearful warning

Would bind my woes in sleep !

And that I were a little bird

To chace him o'er the deep !

Or if my wounded spirit

In the death-canoe would rove,

I'd bribe the wind and pitying waves,

To speed me to my love !

EPITAPH.

Written by Lord Chancellor King, on an old domestic carpenter, who had been a favorite of the noble lawyer's.

Posts oft he made, yet ne'er a place could get,
And liv'd by railing, tho' he was no wit ;
Old Saws he had, altho' no antiquarian,
And Stiles corrected, yet was no grammarian.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK :

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1814.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

ACTIVE operations have commenced against the enemy in Upper Canada. General Brown, with a force of 4500 men, appears now to be engaged in clearing the Niagara Frontier. He crossed the Streights of this river to Fort Erie, situated on the bottom of Lake Erie, on Sunday the 3d inst. the garrison of which, consisting of about 170 men, immediately surrendering upon capitulation: After which, Gen. Brown proceeded to the plains of Chippeway, where on the 5th, he engaged the enemy, 2,100 strong, and, it is said in the course of one hour, drove him to his works, with the loss of 400 men killed and wounded.—Ours about 260.

About the same time a party of the enemy, between 2 and 300 British and Indians, crossed the Niagara to our side at Lewistown; and after taking some of the inhabitants, proceeded to a place called Hardscrabble, and after burning the militia barracks, plundering horses, cattle, &c. returned.

Two Whale boats have lately succeeded in destroying a new vessel of about 90 tons on the stocks at a place called Presque Isle, on the Canada shore opposite Oswego. This vessel, destined for a bomb vessel, together with a building containing naval stores, was burnt.

Accounts from Quebec of the 30th ult. state the arrival there of part of Lord Wellington's army from Bordeaux;—and that a greater force from the same place was under sailing orders for Quebec. The arrival of ships from old France at Quebec has not occurred before, it is said, in 55 years; and the Quebec editor observes, Who will venture to predict what the next 50 years may produce!

The Herald privateer of this port has taken, and sent in, a brig from London to Lisbon, with dry goods, valued at 100,000l. Sterling.

Accounts from Fort Hawkins mention that 540 Creek Indians had surrendered to Col. Pearson, of the North Carolina militia, without the least opposition.

The President of the United States has ordered quotas from the different States, to form a body of 93,500 militia, to be organized and held in readiness for immediate service: The New-York quota is 13,500.

The U. S. Schooner Alligator, lying at anchor, at Port Royal, was upset about the 1st inst. by a tornado, by which 2 midshipmen and 25 seamen, were unfortunately drowned.

The privateer schr. Peery, of Baltimore, of 5 guns, in the course of her cruise, has taken 18

sail of vessels, 4 of which has arrived. Among others the British armed schr. Ballyhoo, of 6 guns and 20 men, after a running fight of 50 and close action of 10 minutes.

12 or 13 Fishing vessels bound to this port have lately been taken in Fisher's Island sound:—and on other parts of the coast the enemy continues to harass the coasters.

Considerable alarm exists at Baltimore and Philadelphia on account of the enemy's movements in the Chesapeake, and on one of its branches, Elk River, at the head of which it is said their barges lately made their appearance, and that Com. Rodgers with 250 men of the *Guiriere's* crew, had gone to meet them. The enemy have taken and burnt several vessels here.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. McClay, Mr. Wm. Merrit, to Miss Maria Hannis.

By the same, Mr. George Henry, to Miss Sarah Roberts.

By the rev. Mr. McNeice, Mr. James Mitchell, of this city, to Mrs. P. Lynn.

By the rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Daniel Ireland, to Miss Sarah Bingle, both of this city.

Obituary.

DIED.

Mrs. Catharine De La Montanye, aged 86 years.

Miss Eleanor Hunter.

Mr. William Bridges, city surveyor, aged 40 years. Mrs. Bridges, died but a few weeks ago, and a family of seven young children are left to feel the loss of their parents.

Mr. John White, in the 22d year of his age.

Mr. William Kid, a native of England.

Mrs. Jane Ferguson, wife of Mr. John Ferguson.

Mr. Abraham Bailey.

At Newark, Miss Rebecca Geib.

At Westchester, capt. Stephen Bayard, is the 28th year of his age, in consequence of a gun shot wound inflicted by a man of the name of James Vermilyea. The coroner's inquest is against Vermilyea, who has made his escape, for wilful murder.

THE MUSEUM.

Is published every Saturday, at two dollars per annum, or fifty-two numbers, by JAMES ORAM, No 102 Water-street, a little below the Coffee House, New-York. City subscribers to pay *one half*, and country subscribers the *whole*, in advance; and it is a positive condition that all letters and communications come free of postage.